MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

PSYCHO

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A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

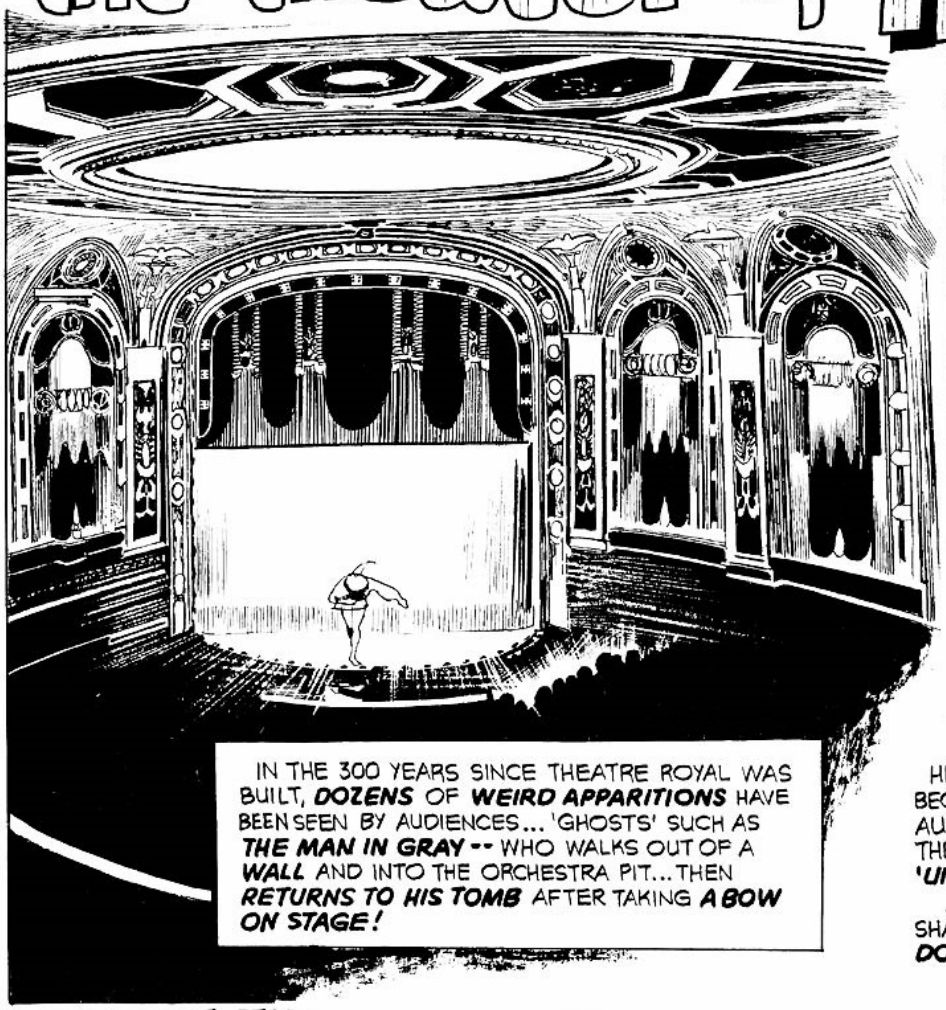
SCOURGE OF THE DEVIL'S WOMAN

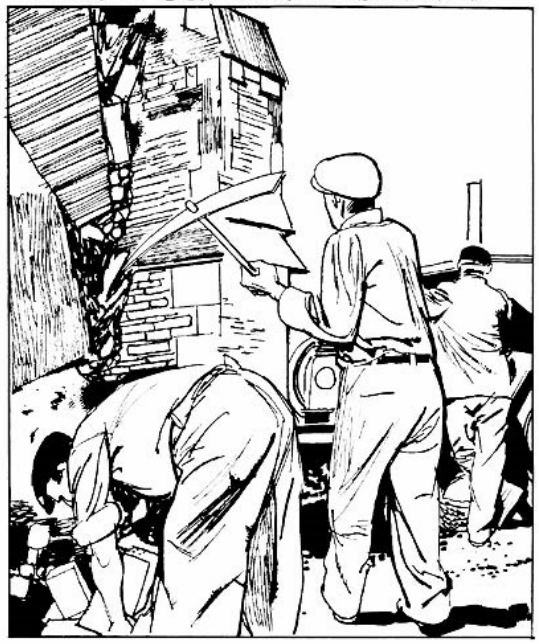
A CHAMBER OF CHILLS AWAITS YOU IN THIS TERROR-TAUT ISSUE!

DRURY LANE, LONDON -- A STREET **WORLD FAMOUS** FOR ITS THEATRE ROYAL...

the theater of HORROR

-PSYCHO SUPERNATURAL SERIES-





IN THE 300 YEARS SINCE THEATRE ROYAL WAS BUILT, **DOZENS** OF **WEIRD APPARITIONS** HAVE BEEN SEEN BY AUDIENCES... 'GHOSTS' SUCH AS **THE MAN IN GRAY** -- WHO WALKS OUT OF A **WALL** AND INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT... THEN **RETURNS TO HIS TOMB** AFTER TAKING **A BOW ON STAGE!**

HIS APPEARANCES DURING PERFORMANCES BECAME SO **REGULAR** THAT IN THE 1930'S AUDIENCES BECAME **ANGRY** AND DEMANDED THE MANAGEMENT SOMEHOW **REMOVE** THE **'UNWANTED ACTOR'** FROM THE THEATER...

...SO THE **WALL** IN WHICH THE SHAKESPEAREAN HAM 'LIVED' WAS **TORN DOWN!**

DOMINGO AND HEWETSON

THEY DISCOVERED A **SKELETON** WITHIN -- OF AN **UNKNOWN ACTOR** IN RAGGED COSTUME... WITH A **DAGGER** THRUST BETWEEN HIS RIBS! THE BODY WAS THEN **REMOVED** FROM THE THEATER AND **BURIED...**

...SINCE THAT DAY... OVER 35 YEARS AGO... THE **'MAN IN GRAY'** HAS NEVER APPEARED ON STAGE **AGAIN...**

...PROOF... IF YOU NEED IT, FACT FIEND, **OF HORRORS FROM BEYOND...**

PSYCHO

VOL. 1 NO. 8 SEPTEMBER 1972

PSYCHO 8 STARTS HERE, WHERE THE MIND BEGINS TO BOGGLE AND WONDER AND SLIDE OVER CONTENTS SOMETIMES SANE AND SOMETIMES NOT . . . HERE IS WHERE THE MANIACAL MIRACLES ARE ANNOUNCED AND PRONOUNCED READY FOR YOUR CONSUMPTION . . . NOW . . . MAY WE SUGGEST YOU QUIET YOUR SCREAMING WITHINS . . . FOR ANOTHER WORLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER YOU . . .

Publisher: **ISRAEL WALDMAN**

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PRESENTING THIS PLEASURE PACKAGE OF ODDLY GATHERED GOODIES

4—A GARGOYLE — A MAN! Two things cry their names as nature nurtures this utter primer to life itself when two beings of stone battle the brittle beast 'I' . . .

14—A THOUSAND FACES OF ULTIMATE HORROR! In the photo presentation, SCREAM SCREEN conspires to relive the mighty memorable madness of man-macabre LON CHANEY SR.

18—Our cover story . . . SCOURGE OF THE DEVIL'S WOMAN . . . jaunts horribly into the never-ever nightmare scene of quieted COMPOUND EVIL!

30—HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE BLACK RAIN? Dabbling in Satan-calling, one called Queen Anne the Beautiful plucks at the horrir pendulum with fingers dripping of BLOOD!

39—THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO starts on the underside of the world and winds up devouring the earth on ALL FOURS!

50—BAD CHOKE curses graveyard corpses in a tale which delightfully devours your every definition of murder, mayhem and, maybe, mockery!

57—CITY OF CRYPTS! Buried beneath seering sands of Egypt a black, forgotten cavity called a city contains creeping unknown quantities whose every reason for being is EVIL!

This proud macabre gathering of gargoyles, crypts, black raindrops, thousands of faces, and filthy little houses; destined we hope — to rock your primal spinal, eagerly awaits you to turn the page to where the freaky fun of this issue REALLY BEGINS. . .

TO SHRIEK . . .AT YOUR *HORROR-MOOD...*

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IF YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A BLOCKBUSTER-- THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY IT! THE MOST MACABRE CHARACTERS YOU WILL EVER KNOW-- THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF EDWARD AND MINA SARTYROS... HALF BIRD-- HALF STONE... HALF HUMAN-- HALF DEMONIC... BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE HOUSE OF SKYWALD AS THE MOST EXPLOSIVE NEW CHARACTERS OF THE YEAR!
MANY HAVE TRIED TO DEFINE LIFE -- MEN OF SCIENCE... MEN OF GOD... THE ANSWERS THEY COME UP WITH ARE ENDLESS IN VARIATION -- IF THEY PROVE ANYTHING AT ALL IT'S THAT THERE ARE NO ANSWERS... DO NOT BE SURPRISED THEN -- AT THE DARK WONDER OF THE MACABRE CREATION THAT FOLLOWS... ...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
a gargoyle--a man!
Witness the Birth of the most Macabre Continued Characters ever by HERVELSON and DELA ROSA

IN THE YEAR 1427 TWO GARGOYLES ARE HOISTED ONTO A PARAPET OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MENZE IN FRIEDBURG GERMANY!
DE LA ROSA
SHORTLY AFTER THERE IS A VILE STORM... AN UNHOLY BIRTH OF A MIND -- A MIND THAT THINKS -- HEARS -- SEES...
BUT A MIND THAT CANNOT EXERCISE AUTHORITY OVER ITS PHYSICAL SURROUNDINGS... ITS BODY! IT IS A MIND -- A TORMENTED, TWISTED MIND -- FOR IT IS A MIND IN A PHYSICAL STONE PRISON!

IN THE MONTHS -- YEARS -- *CENTURIES* THAT FOLLOW THE GARGOYLES ENDURE COUNTLESS HARSH SEASONS THAT COME BITING, *CHILLING*...

BEHIND THEM -- ON A NARROW *LEDGE* WITH A BENCH WHERE THE CATHEDRAL *PRIESTS* COME TO MEDITATE AND *TALK* -- THEY HEAR THE *LESSONS OF LIFE*...

THE WORKS OF *SHAKESPEARE* CHANTED WITH LEATHERY TONGUES -- THE GOLDEN FORESTS AND JUNGLES OF *KIPLING* -- THE GHASTLY NIGHTMARES OF EDGAR ALLAN *POE*...

AND AS THE PRIESTS READ *ROMEO AND JULIET* -- *ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA* -- THE GREAT NOVELS OF *LOVE AND ROMANCE*... THE GARGOYLES *SQUIRM* ON THEIR LEDGE AND *BLUSH* AS THEY TWIST THEIR EYES TO SEE THE *OTHER*...

THEY KNOW *WAR* -- AND WITH HUMANITY *THEY TOO* ARE WOUNDED... IN A MOCKING... *JESTING* WAY...

A TANK IS BEING CLEANED AND EXPLODES *ACCIDENTLY* -- THE SHELL BITES OFF A CHUNK OF HIS STONE *WING* -- AND *SHE* KNOWS THE *PAIN* AS MUCH AS *HE*...

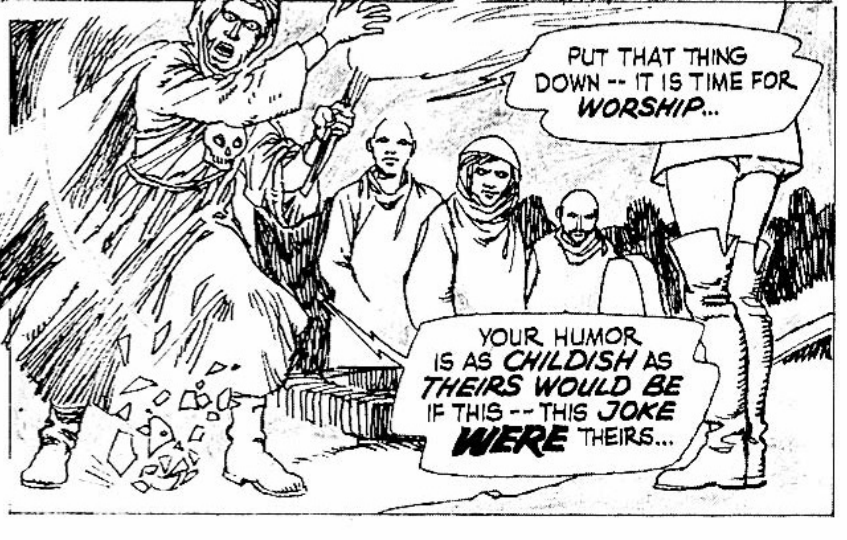
NOW IT IS 1972 -- HUNDREDS OF YEARS AFTER THEIR INSTALLATION THE AUTHORITIES DECIDE THEIR PURPOSE WOULD BE BETTER SERVED BY A *NEON CROSS* IN *THEIR PLACE*...

AND SO THEY ARE TOSSED AS *GARBAGE* INTO A NEARBY *GRAVEYARD* -- AMIDST A PILE OF *DEAD* SCULPTURE AND MORTAR...

BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS -- FOR AS THEY FALL FROM THE WORKMEN'S HANDS THEY *TOUCH* -- SILENTLY, SOFTLY, FOR ONLY A *SECOND*... BUT THEY FEEL THE *LOVE* OF *THE OTHER*...

THAT NIGHT THERE IS A *CONGREGATION* IN THAT *CITY OF CRYPTS* -- AN *UNHOLY* CONGREGATION OF THE DREADED *CULT* KNOWN AS... *SATANISM!*

WHAT DO YOU CALL *THIS*...
IT LOOKS LIKE... AN *EGG! AN EGG* -- HAH HAH -- DIDN'T TAKE THEM *LONG* DID IT...
...EVEN A *GROTESQUERY* SUCH AS A *GARGOYLE* MUST BRING INTO THE WORLD MORE OF ITS *OWN KIND!*



THE WIND HOWLED THAT NIGHT -- NOT FAR FROM WHERE THE GARGOYLES LIE THE SATANISTS CHANT...
AND A STONE WING FLUTTERS...
A SHUDDERING CRACK RIPS WITHIN -- SOMETHING WET THAT LEAPS ABOUT AND SLITHERS TWISTS-ABOUT WITHIN A MOUTH --A NECK BOOMS WITH A THROATY THUD FROM SOUNDINGS WITHIN A CHEST THAT HEAVES AND LURCHES...
AND THERE IS LIFE...
AND HIS FIRST ACTION -- IS TO ATTACK...
IT'S A SIGN... A SIGN OF GOD!
RUN -- WE HAVE TO MUSTER OUR FORCES BEFORE WE CAN BATTLE THIS... CREATURE...
CAN YOU HEAR -- CAN YOU SEE ME...
I AM AS ALIVE AS YOU ARE MY LOVE -- YOU HAVE DONE ALL THAT NEED BE DONE... LET THERE NOW BE PEACE... AS YOU LIE IN MY ARMS...
NOW THERE IS A BEATING OF TWO HEARTS AS ONE --

LATER THAT NIGHT TWO DARK FIGURES *GROPE* THROUGH THE *ALLEYS* OF FRIEDBURG--*FLEEING* THE IMMINENT THREAT OF *ARMED REVENGE* BY SATAN'S DARK FORCES...

THOPPPP!
THEY *SEE* US... TAKE TO THE *AIR*...
I *FELT* THAT BULLET AS IT WHINED PASSED ME-- YOU MAY THINK I'M *WEIRD*, MY LOVE, BUT I *LOVED* IT...
I *LOVED THE FEELING*-- IT MADE ME FEEL *HUMAN*...
THE WORD IS NOT *HUMAN*... THE WORD IS *ALIVE!*

THEY'RE *EVERYWHERE*-- WE'D BE BETTER OFF *AWAY* FROM THE *CITY*...
TAKE MY *HAND* SWEET LOVE -- DISGUISED AS UNTHINKING *BIRDS* THE *NIGHT* MIGHT NOT BE AS *HARSH* ON US AS THE *HUMANS* HAVE BEEN...

YOU MUST BE *EXHAUSTED* LOVE-- THAT *BARN* WILL SHELTER US THE *REMAINDER* OF THE NIGHT-- IN THE MORNING WE WILL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE-- WITH OUR *LIVES!*

AND ON THAT MORN...
WHO'S IN THERE-- WHO'S THERE-- I CAN HEAR YOU...
WE'RE DISCOVERED-- WE HAVE TO MOVE AGAIN DEAREST...
I HEAR YOU-- WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER-- DON'T YOU REALIZE I CAN'T SEE-- I NEED AN ANSWER FOR MY EARS TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
HE'S-- HE'S BLIND!
WE ARE-- TRAVELLERS... WE JUST USED YOUR BARN FOR A FEW HOURS TO REST-- WE NEEDED THE REST-- MY... MY WIFE NEEDED THE REST!
YOU'RE WIFE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOUR GOOD WOMAN WAS WITH YOU-- COME INTO THE HOUSE-- YOU COULD USE SOME HOT NOURISHMENT!
WELL HERE-- TAKE THIS...
NOW TELL ME-- WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES-- WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING...
FOOD--YOU ARE VERY KIND-- NEITHER OF US HAVE EATEN IN-- IN A VERY LONG TIME...
OUR NAMES?-- I AM EDWARD...SARTYROS... MY WIFE... MY WIFE IS MINA...
AND WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING...
FOR A LIVING... WE'D DO... ANYTHING!
WELL THAT'S EASILY SOLVED EDWARD-- I NEED A COUPLE OF GOOD WORKERS THIS TIME OF YEAR --CROP HARVEST-- YOU CAN LIVE IN THAT BACK ROOM-- AND YOU'LL FIND WORK CLOTHES IN THE CLOSET THERE TOO...

CLOTHES -- THINGS MOVE VERY FAST IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING SWEET MINA...
THAT NAME - MINA -- AND EDWARD -- WHERE DID YOU GET THE NAMES?
FROM THE PRIESTS -- IN ONE OF THEIR BOOKS THERE WAS A COUPLE -- WITH THIS NAME! DO YOU LIKE IT?
LIKE IT? IT'S BEAUTIFUL EDWARD...
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE HUMAN GARMENTS -- DOES IT HIDE MY WINGS...
I WONDER IF THEY SHOULD HIDE YOUR WINGS, EDWARD MY LOVE -- THEY ARE -- SUCH WONDERFUL, BEAUTIFUL WINGS...
OUTSIDE THAT NOISE...
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE GARGOYLES -- WHERE ARE THEY OLD MAN -- SPEAK...
GARGOYLES -- ARE YOU MAD -- I KNOW OF NO GARGOYLES...
THEY ARE HERE OUR MASTER TOLD US THEY WERE...
...USELESS BLIND OLD WRETCH -- IF YOU WON'T SPEAK -- THEN DIE!
AAAA...UGGHHH!
THEY KILLED HIM MINA -- THEY KILLED OUR FRIEND...
THERE THEY ARE -- GET THEM -- FIRE!

CRAWL IN THE DUST FIENDS--PRAY TO YOUR MASTER YOUR LAST PRAYER--IN A MOMENT YOU WILL MEET HIM FOR THE FINAL TIME...
OH GRAND LUCIFUGE--WE BESEECH THEE-- SEND US THE BOON YOU PROMISED US-- SEND US YOUR ULTIMATE WEAPON...
ULTIMATE WEAPON-- OF WHAT DO YOU SPEAK?
ORRRRRUUUUUUUUUCC
OKKK!
THEY SPEAK OF I--I AM THE NAME LUCIFER HAS GIVEN ME-- FOR ONLY SUCH AS I HAVE THE ULTIMATE POWER...
THE THING CALLED 'I' AND EDWARD SARTYROS DO BATTLE-- THE STRANGEST BATTLE EARTH HAS PERHAPS EVER KNOWN-- A BATTLE THE GODS WILL WATCH...
DIE... WHY DON'T YOU DIE SPAWN OF HELL!

DIE? DIE, YOU BLACK FEATHERED MORON? HOW CAN SOMETHING DIE -- WHICH DOES NOT LIVE?
WHUUUUCKKKKKKAAAAA!
YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME OF LIFE -- YOU? -- CREATION OF DEPRAVED DEATH -- NEVER -- NEVER SPEAK TO ME OF LIFE!...
AND YOUR HENCHMEN -- THEY TOO SHALL DIE -- EVERY ONE OF SATAN'S FILTHLY FORCES...
STOP EDWARD -- STOP -- YOU MUST KNOW MERCY ALSO -- COURAGE IS NOT ENOUGH IN THIS WORLD -- YOU KNOW THAT...
...LIFE IS TOO PRECIOUS -- YOU MUST NEVER TAKE THE LIFE OF ANY MAN -- OR BEAST -- WE HAVE NO RIGHT!...
TRUE -- WE HAVE NO RIGHT...
WE HAVE LEARNED MUCH FROM THE BOOKS OF THE PRIESTS MINA -- PERHAPS TOO MUCH -- THESE MEN -- THESE HUMANS LYING IN THE DUST KNOW TOO LITTLE...
...I HAVE A FEELING MINA MY LOVE -- A FEELING DEEP IN MY GUT -- PEACE FOR US MAY BE A LONG WAY AWAY...

PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS... BUT WHEN THAT MOMENT COMES... WE WILL BE WITH THEM *RIGHT HERE!*

SCREAM SCREEN:

MONSTER-MASTER LON CHANEY:

– The Man-Macabre whose uncountable movie disguises were so horrific they even made a movie about HIM. . . .

– The Man-Macabre whose terrifying make-up as the phantom of the opera made the censors SHUDDER. . .

The first and finest international horror star was Lon Chaney (Sr.)

Rather a presumptuous, over-generalized statement? If so – consider – it is a statement made flatly and without reservation or need for explanation by every other horror-master the medium has ever produced! Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Peter Cushing, Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Christopher Lee – They ALL agree – CHANEY IS THE MASTER!

Why? He was a genius they say, as do we. . .and genius is rare. It's a word bandied about wherever incompetents gather to describe men at the peak of their craft – but rarely is it used properly! It's a bit like the word 'madness' a word intended to demean and provoke. . .another too-common word too-often unjustified.

Perhaps!

There is a mingling of genius and madness in the myraid eternities – and if ever they are fixed it is upon the mad genius Lon Chaney, whose works are what this photo-article is all about. . .

A Thousand Faces of Ultimate Horror

In the 50's they made a film about Lon Chaney, with James Cagney in the lead role, called 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'! It told the story well, of the man who was born of deaf-mute parents: The child Lon learned the pantomine early in his life as he was forced to communicate with his parents by using his hands, his faces, his eyes – to express a point. He would act out his adventures for them with short plays and dramas both entertaining and informative – for he was telling them of his mind – even as he told us, through the medium of movies, many years later.

Between 1913 and 1918 he played a 100 minor roles, many of which he directed and wrote himself. In 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', 1923, he directed the famous trial of Esmeralda The Gypsy Girl.

His famous films are his silents - like Universal's 1923 version of Victor Hugo's powerful 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', for the most directed by Wallace Warsley. In this extraordinary horror vehicle Chaney played Quasimodo the tortured hunchback, while Patsy Miller portrayed Esmeralda and Norman Kelly played the role of Captain Phoebus.

In his most famous rôle as Erik the phantom in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' of 1925 – directed by Rupert Julian from the screenplay of Elliot Clawson, adapted from the 1908 novel of the same title by Gaston Leroux – Chaney Unmasked – It is this scene for which he has been touted as the

master of make-up.

Gaston Leroux sets the scene:
"I wanted desperately to see beneath the mask. I wanted to know the face of the voice and, with a movement which I was utterly unable to control, my fingers swiftly tore away the mask. I fell back against the wall and he came to me, grinding his teeth hideously, and, as I fell upon my knees, he hissed mad, incoherent words and curses at me. Leaning over me, he cried, 'look! Do you want to see? See! Feast your eyes, and your soul on my cursed ugliness! Are you satisified?'

"And drawing himself up to his full height, with his hands on his hips, wagging the hideous thing that was his head on his shoulders, he roared, 'Look at me!'. . .and when I turned away my head and begged for mercy, he drew my head back to him, brutally, twisting his dead fingers into my hair."

"Then he hissed at me, 'Ah, I frighten you, do I? Perhaps you think that I have another mask, eh, and that this head is a mask? well,' he roared, 'tear it off as you did the other! I insist! Give me your hands!' And he seized my hands and dug them into his awful face. He tore his flesh with my nails, his terrible dead flesh!"

As the macabre Erik in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA', Chaney literally petrified audiences!

In this astonishing disguise as a cripple in 'THE PENALTY', Chaney is reported to have been in agony from the restrictions of his self-imposed bonds!

In the film. . .

Chaney sits masked, playing his organ, while behind him Mary Philbin as Christine Daae lurks curiously — dreaming and slowly losing her senses — until she can no longer hold herself — she rushes at the masked monster, ripping at his mask, tearing 'till it falls to reveal Chaney's death skull — he rises to unbelievable dimension, hovering over the paralized girl — then the audience — we —, shriek — for this is a thousand faces of ultimate horror within one, the face of DEATH!

'MOCKERY' was one of Chaney's personal favorites — his feeling for the utter depravity of his character was a brilliant and stunning psychological drama!

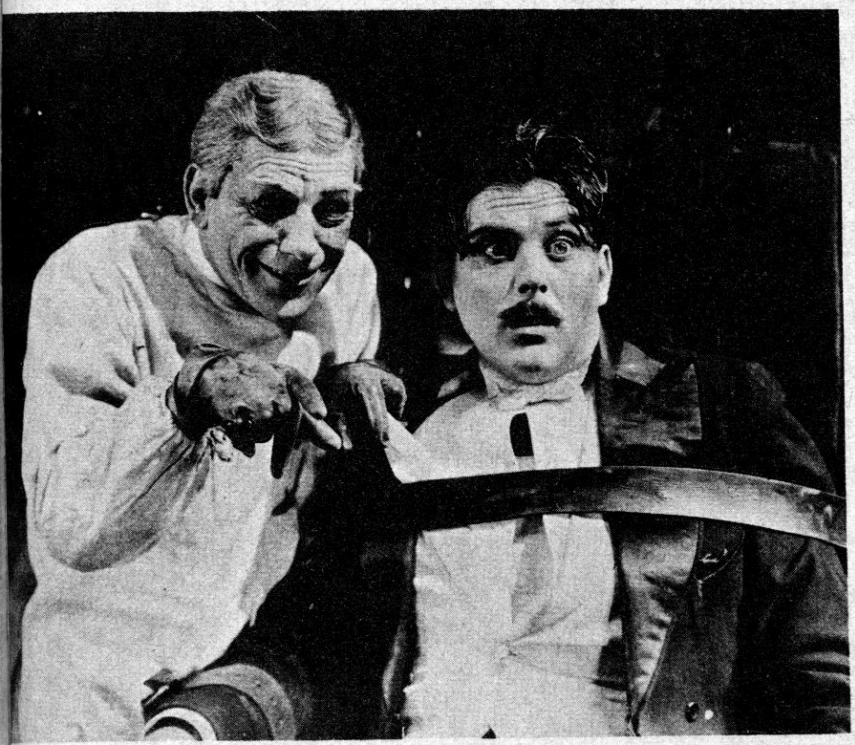
Characterization was Chaney's life . . . and in 'MR. WU' he captured every element of his portrayal in the great-grand style of a master!

Lon Chaney's make-up was unrivaled; He even prepared a reference for encyclopedia britannica on his art.

He would go to great lengths to produce his desired effect; in the phantom of the opera just described, his face was made by affixing pieces of wire to expose his gums, while metal distended his nostrils, uplifted his nose, and pulled at the corners of his lips to expose rotting dead teeth, his cheek bones were distorted by stuffing his mouth with cotton padding, and his eyes were bulged and saddened by means of chemicals. Many fellow workers at the time were sure his appearance was so grotesque the film would never be shown.

He has also played a legless man in 'THE PENALTY', has grown a hump in 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', lost his arms in 'THE UNKNOWN' — an eye in 'THE ROAD TO MANDALAY', and been a paraplegic in 'WEST OF ZANZIBAR'.

The meaning of madness was never so clearly defined as in 'MONSTER', in which Lon Chaney literally forgot all definition of reason!



In 'BLACK BIRD', Chaney manipulates his bizarre body through the ultimate of lunatic sensations and circumstances.

'LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT' is the essence of Chaney's seething insight into the snarling underlife of city-gutter helldom!

When sound arrived in 1927 he adapted easily, re-making his silent success again – 'THE UNHOLY THREE', in which he plays one of three weirdly collected criminals – a ventriloquist who masquerades as an old lady – a part in which he assumed 4 voices! It looked like sound was going to make Lon Chaney an even bigger star than before – and many new roles were planned for him – including 'DRACULA' (which was instead given to Bela Lugosi, making him a star virtually overnight.)

But overwork put Chaney in a Los Angeles Hospital where it was realized he had fatal cancer. On August 26, 1930, he died in silence due to his disease; in his last days forced by nature to communicate with those around him in the sign language and pantomine he had made famous on the silent screen years before!

But, let us realize one thing – LON CHANEY is NOT dead . . . His life's work is very much a part of all of us!

A partial listing of LON CHANEY'S motion pictures . . .

BLACK BIRD, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, LAUGH CLOWN LAUGH, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, MOCKERY, MONSTER, MR. WUE, NEXT CORNER, OUTSIDE THE LAW, PENALTY, PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, ROAD TO MANDALAY, TELL IT TO THE MARINES, TRAP, THUNDER, TOWER OF LIES.

IT MATTERED NOT IF SHE WANTED TO BE HUMAN, IF SHE TRIED TO BE NORMAL. ONLY ONE FACT PREVAILED... SHE WAS THE...
DEVIL'S WOMAN
HA HA HA HA
NO!! NO!!
IT HURTS-- PLEASE STOP IT-- PLEASE!
MARTA--MAKE IT STOP--
ARGHHHH!

Our mind-twisting cover story by MARV WOLFMAN and ANDRU and ESPOSITO

SILKY WINTRY SNOW CASCADES DOWNWARDS ONTO THE CRUMBLING VERMONT MANSION KNOWN TO ALL AS PAGAN ESTATES. A ONCE GRAND MANOR OF THE EARLY ARISTOCRATS, BUT NOW, A DECAYED RUIN WASTING AWAY ON THE DESOLATE YAWNING PRECIPICE KNOWN AS HAUNTED HILL...
THE ICY BLEAKNESS OF THE VERMONT HILLSIDE SLIPS UNDER THE SOUND OF A BLITHE HAUNTING MUSIC...
NICE PARTY!
IT WAS SWEET OF MARTA TO HAVE US ALL HERE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.
YES, SHE IS A LOVELY PERSON... BUT SO LONELY... SO STRANGE... IN A WAY...
WHY DID SHE WANT US TO DRESS THIS WAY?...LIKE SOME MOVIE ROYALTY OUT OF THE THIRTIES...
NO MYSTERY IN THAT, DEAR. SHE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT... THAT WE WOULD ENJOY IT!
AFTER ALL--WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO HER?
SHE IS BLIND!
LOOK-- THERE SHE IS!
THE SAME FIRE THAT TOOK HER SIGHT KILLED HER PARENTS AS WELL!
A DOUBLE TRAGEDY!
GOOD EVENING, MY FRIENDS...ENJOY THE PARTY, AND AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT-- THE SURPRISE!

WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE SOME GOD-SCARING SCREAM!
THE HOUSE... JUST THE SOUND OF THE HOUSE... NOTHING MORE!
THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. WILL SOMEONE PLEASE OPEN IT FOR ME.
I'LL GET IT, MARTA.
GOOD LORD!
WHAT IS IT? WILL SOMEONE TELL ME?
CREATURE...
CREATURE FREE--HELL BROKE LOOSE...
DEAD...JUST THOSE ODD WORDS AND HE'S DEAD!
SORRY THIS HAD TO HAPPEN, MARTA. BUT HE MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY. ANY IDEA WHO HE IS?
NO...I...I...
OH--OF COURSE --I FORGOT. HAVE A GOOD NEW YEAR, FOLKS!

THE POLICE LEAVE AS QUICKLY AS THEY CAME AND THE FESTIVITIES QUIETLY CONTINUE. BUT THE MOOD OF THE NIGHT HAS MOST DEFINITELY BEEN CHANGED...
CREATURE? BEFORE HE DIED HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A CREATURE...
ODD--THIS HOUSE WAS ONCE RUMORED TO HAVE CREATURES--HIDEOUS DISGUSTING CREATURES RAMPAGING ABOUT.
THEY SAY THAT MARTA'S PARENTS WERE MEMBERS OF SOME PERVERTED WITCH CULT--THAT THEY CALLED ON SATAN AND OTHERS OF THE DAMNED TO APPEAR BEFORE THEM.
AND STRANGELY ENOUGH--THAT FIRE --THE ONE WHICH KILLED HER PARENTS...
THAT TOOK PLACE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE EXACTLY 20 YEARS AGO TODAY!
ONLY GOOD THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO MARTA WAS MARRYING THAT EUROPEAN COUNT--
THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT'S DIFFERENT ...THAT EXCITES ME!
HE'S SO POWERFUL... MYSTERIOUS...
MY FRIENDS--THE NEW YEAR IT DRAWS NEAR, AND THERE IS A STORY I MUST TELL, AND YOU MUST HEAR.
IT IS AS STRANGE AS THE SEETHING FLAMES OF HELL'S FIRE, AND AS COMPELLING AS THE BECKONING FINGER OF DEATH'S SHROUD!
COME CLOSER, MY FRIENDS...

"IN MY COUNTRY...HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO...THOSE WHO WORSHIPPED IN THE CHURCH OF SATAN WOULD HOLD THEIR HOLY COMMUNIONS EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE"...
SATAN, BELIAL, ATULAK...THE BLACK BOOK OF THE DEAD, AND THE FIERY WRITHES OF ALL TIME...ACCEPT THE SACRIFICES WE MAKE TO YOU--THE MOST HOLY OF ALL!
"THE ANIMAL LAMB WOULD BE BURNT, AND SATAN WOULD GIVE HIS WORSHIPPERS ANOTHER YEAR OF PEACE WITH THEIR TWICE DAMNED SOULS..."
TAKE OUR SOULS AND OUR FLESH FOR WE ARE YOURS!
BUT AS THE YEARS PROGRESSED, SATAN WANTED MORE THAN LAMB'S BLOOD FOR HIS SACRIFICIAL RITES... HE WANTED THE FLESH OF A YOUNG VIRGIN...FOR THE LORD OF THE DAMNED NEEDED PURITY TO CORRUPT.
GO FORTH, MY DAUGHTER, AND LET SATAN, OUR LORD, TAKE YOU AS HIS. OBEY HIM, FOR HE IS OUR GOD AND HE KNOWS NO WRONG!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING US ALL THIS? YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME. THIS IS NEW YEAR'S EVE...IT SHOULD BE FUN...WE SHOULD BE DRINKING...DANCING...TO OUR FUTURES...
THERE ARE NO FUTURES... ONLY THE LINGERING AURA OF THE PAST HOLDING TIGHT ONTO ETERNITY.
AND THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE CLARION CALL OF DARKNESS...
THE LIGHTS--THEY'RE OUT!
A POWER FAILURE... SOMEONE GET A MATCH ...LIGHT ONE OF THE CANDLES.
NO! LET US REMAIN IN DARKNESS. FOR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY THRIVES BEST IN THE EBONY SHADOWS OF NIGHT!
SATAN WANTED TO END HIS EXILE IN HELL, AND RETURN TO THE EARTH ONCE MORE. HE MADE CONTACT WITH TWO OF HIS WORSHIPPERS... TWO BELIEVERS... TWENTY YEARS AGO...IN THIS VERY HOUSE!
THEN IT'S TRUE... MARTA'S PARENTS WERE MEMBERS OF A WITCH CULT!
QUIET--YOU FOOL...AND LISTEN. TWENTY YEARS AGO CONTACT WAS MADE. BUT THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT ...A HIDEOUS ACCIDENT!
SATAN WAS BROUGHT TO THIS EARTH, BUT HE HAD BEEN CHANGED... HIS FORM ALTERED BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION!
WHY ARE YOU TELLING US THIS... WHY??...
CAN'T YOU GUESS? SATAN THRIVES BENEATH THIS HOUSE...THIS VERY HOUSE, AND HE DEMANDS MORE SACRIFICES...
SACRIFICES TO GIVE HIM STRENGTH...THIS YEAR AS HE HAS ALWAYS NEEDED EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE...
SACRIFICES... AND YOU ARE THEM!

GIVE YOURSELVES GLADLY TO OUR LORD SATAN...AND ALL REWARDS SHALL BE YOURS!
THERE CAN BE NO GREATER GLORY THAN TO BE TAKEN BY HIM!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THE HARD WOODEN FLOOR MELTS UNDER THE FRIGHTENED FEET OF THE FEAR-CRAZED GUESTS, AND THEY FALL DOWNWARDS TOWARDS A PULSATING HORROR BELOW...
YAAA

YAAAGH
LET US LEAVE MY HUSBAND. I CAN TAKE THEIR PITIFUL SCREAMS NO LONGER!
SURELY, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OTHER WAY...?
OTHER WAY? YOU SPEAK AS IF WE DECIDED ON THIS COURSE, NOT SATAN, OUR MASTER.
AND SATAN IS NEVER WRONG!
BESIDES, WE ARE NOT FINISHED HERE... THERE IS ONE MORE DEED TO DO.
SATAN IS NOT YET APPEASED, MY LOVE... FOR IT HAS BEEN TWENTY LONG YEARS SINCE HE TOOK UNTO HIMSELF A WIFE... AND YOU WERE THE RESULTS OF THAT MEETING!
AND NOW, SATAN MUST CREATE ANOTHER CHILD... GO TO HIM, MARTA, AS YOUR MOTHER ONCE SO UNHESITATINGLY DID!
NO--!
NO! I NEVER KNEW... NEVER!
I BELIEVED SO LONG... I TRULY BELIEVED THAT THEY DIED TRYING TO BRING SATAN BACK...
BUT NOT THIS WAY... NOT AS SATAN'S WOMAN NOW...
MARTA, COME BACK!
THROUGH THE TANGLED CREEPING VINES OF FAGAN ESTATES, THROUGH THE DARK WORLD OF DESPERATE TERROR... OF THE DESPERATE BLIND, MARTA FLEES...
NOOOo--!

SATAN'S DAUGHTER... THAT'S ALL I AM...
BUT IF I AM HIS DAUGHTER THEN I HAVE HIS POWERS UNTAPPED POWERS I HAVE ALWAYS HAD...
COME BACK, MARTA...IT IS USELESS TO RUN... SATAN WANTS YOU...AND HE WILL HAVE YOU.
BUT NEVER BEFORE KNEW...
DIE... ALL OF YOU ...THE HOUSE ...MY HUSBAND ...SATAN!
NEVER! HOW COULD I HAVE BELIEVED SO LONG...AND FOOLISHLY... HOW??
ALL OF YOU DIE IN HELL'S OWN FLAMES...
THE TIMBERS, ROTTEN WITH AGE, COLLAPSE IN A PAROXYSM OF STYGIAN HORROR... BUT THE FLAMES PRESS INWARDS, CONSUMING ALL RATHER THAN OUT INTO THE BITTER JANUARY MORNING...

AND MARTA RUNS, GROPING BLINDLY INTO THE WINTER'S FREEZING HOARFROST, RACING PAST THE OVERTURNED MARKERS OF ANCIENT GRAVES... TO THE EDGE OF THE TINY NEW ENGLAND TOWN OF SATAN'S-HEAD TO...
MARTA? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE LIKE THIS? YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS CHASING YOU!
COME IN, CHILD ...COME IN.
NO NIECE OF MINE IS GOING TO STAND IN THAT COLD WHEN I GOT ME A FIRE GOING...
YOU LOOK DEAD TO THE WORLD...
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LIE DOWN FOR AWHILE...I'LL EEAD YOU TO THE BED!
NO! LET ME SPEAK! I'VE GOT TO--I MUST!
AND THEY'RE DEAD...ALL OF THEM!
HUSH, CHILD...YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING. WHY DON'T YOU JUST LAY DOWN FOR A WHILE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU JUST DON'T. I'M SO CONFUSED... MAYBE I AM TIRED, AUNT MARTHA... I WILL LIE DOWN...BUY YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ME--I CAN FIND THE WAY MYSELF!
GO ON IN, DEAR... JUST GO IN AND LAY DOWN ON THE BED...
IT'LL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD...IT REALLY WILL...
MARTA STEPS INTO THE ROOM AND FAILS TO HEAR THE PULSATING HORROR BEFORE HER, CRYING OUT FOR HER...
...AND THE QUIET LAUGHTER OF THE MAN SHE CALLS HER HUSBAND, AND THE ONE WHO IS HER AUNT AS SHE STEPS INTO ETERNITY AND HELL'S ENDLESS CYCLE...FOR SATAN MUST BE APPEASED...
THE END

PSYCHO DELIRIA

PSYCHO-men, all I can say is that you've surpassed even yourselves this time. PSYCHO #6 was fantastic! I have every issue of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, namely because the price is just right for the number of pages and the quality of the art and stories.

I thought your best story AND art in this issue was in 'Sand Castle', with the '7th Voyage of Sinbad' coming in a close second in ratings. Keep those movie sections coming. . .they serve as a great change of pace after reading 3 or 4 stories to relax a spell with some good photos. And you're the only horror magazine publisher that does it!. It has to figure tho — ALL your material is refreshing and original!

Kent Kirby
Naples, Florida

You're kind words are taken to heart Kent, and rest assured we'll make the photo-feature a regular feature. We've had more complimentary fan mail on this new idea that we even dreamed, and so we've sent out photo-researchers to dig up as many rare stills as possible, which we'll be presenting in upcoming issues.

PSYCHO #6 was by far the best issue of its kind ever to be released . . .every story was a gem. I would like to order a few back issues for both PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, but if I cut out the coupon I also cut out valuable artwork on the other side of the page — which, as an art collector — I really can't bring myself to do!

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining — unlike other magazine publishers these days who load their magazines with stupid, junky ads for inferior products — you prefer to place just a few ads (service ads which aid the reader in collecting) and instead you fill the magazine with top stories and art. . .'from cover to cover' like the saying goes! No, I'm not complaining, I just want to know what to do about this!

Jeffrey Innes
Hartford Conn.

Very kind of you Jeff, thanks for your remarks. It is virtually impossible to know what to do in this regard. We want to place the ads so that back issues and special products can be obtained by you readers, but where to place them is an impossible problem! We suggest as an alternative, either to type or print very clearly on a plain sheet of paper what you'd like. . .exactly as it appears on the coupon itself! Okay?

Hey hey hey. . .here come some compliments guys. . .well earned compliments for a terrific PSYCHO #7!

'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' was one of the finest, if not the finest, stories I've ever read in a comic magazine. Pablo Marcos did a superb job on the art, Segrelles produced a masterful cover, and Al Hewetson's script should be made into a movie it was so good! What a great idea, having the reader 'see' the story thru his own eyes. . .each panel unfolding a plot which was exciting and dynamic!

Lesley Smith
Sudbury Ontario

Many thanks Les. . .we'll pass your comments on to the 3 gentlemen responsible for this popular story. But wait'll your eyes grab a hold of the letter that follows!

I understand that my teenage son Lesley has written to you, a few days ago, about your magazine PSYCHO and the cover story for issue number 7, called 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' by Alan Hewetson and Pablo Marcos.

I've never read a comic magazine in my entire life, although I do occasionally follow 'The Wizard of Id' and certain other newspaper strips, so I have no form of reference by which I can judge the quality of this particular story, which my son handed to me and demanded I read. But I can say that I am very much impressed by this particular story, as well as your entire magazine. Simply, I never honestly realized what real quality and professionalism went into such comics — your material is excellent, and you've made yourselves another PSYCHO fan-reader.

James Smith
Sudbury Ontario

For once Jim and Les, we're at a loss for words. . .

You want 'em rated. . .okay here goes: the cover story by Al Hewetson and Pablo Marcos has gotta be number 1, no question about it! So #1 is 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell'. #2 I figure has gotta be Dennis Fujitake and 'The Family Jewels'. . .#3 would be 'The Tormented One'. . .#4 is the Heap story 'A Spawn of Satan' . . .#5 was 'Kerene'. . .#6 was 'Horror has 1 Thousand Faces'. . . #7 was the photo feature 'Masters of Blood'. . .#8 was 'I. . .am Demona'. . .#9 was 'The Discombobulated Hand' which I didn't like at all! Well, it started off nicely and then fell kinda flat! #10 was the 2 pager at the back of the book. . .yeech. . .the art was nice but the story line was dumb!

Anyway. . .my congratulations to Hewetson and Marcos for a team-up on 2 great pieces of comic literature: 'Asylum' and 'Heap'.

Lionel Greene
Berwick Illinois

Our thanks to you Lionel, for your ratings and kind words. And we add our own congratulations to the 'team' of Messrs. Hewetson and Marcos for the cover story 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' which received a tremendous reaction from you readers.

Holey Moley. . .ten stories in one issue. . .that's almost unbelievable! I want to say that I enjoyed the entire issue, especially the photo feature 'Master's of Blood'! I hope you keep producing these fine photo features, because for one thing they make for an excellent collection of articles on the great horror movies of all time. I generally don't save comic magazines but I've clipped out these photo pieces and have them all in a special binder. Please keep them coming and I'll be your fan forever!

Dennis Allen
West Greenwich Center, RI.

In that case we will Dennis. . .and we're glad we can be of service to your photo collection. You might also be interested in the photo feature we've just started in our companion magazine to PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, which in issue #8 features a new photo review column which takes a look at the best of current movies. In this first presentation we comment on TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

You always seem to have almost all the artists and writers I like most and the finest all-round issues in the comic horror market. Psycho #6 was no exception. The artists I like this issue were Pat Boyette, Jeff Jones and Sean Todd. Rating the stories is a good idea. I rated your features: 1 — 'Heap' 2 — 'Vow' 3 — 'Sleep' 4 — 'Frankenstein' 5 — 'Midnight Slasher' 6 — 'Sand Castle' 7 — 'Voyage of Sinbad' 8 — 'Of a Sudden'. Just because I rated something #8 doesn't mean I thought little of it, in fact, I thought 'Of a Sudden' was great!

Your photo special this month was good reading but I'm looking forward to seeing some of the English movies done in your magazines. . . like Hammer Films' Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing movies. I'm also looking forward to a feature on Vincent Price.

Mike Phillips
Tornado WV.

Many readers have written in to us listing their preferences just like you did Mike. . .and its a great help to us in planning stories and art for the future. . .keep them coming in. . .we'd like your views on this issue too!

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

by Alan Hewetson

It's a mad-turvy world this, things up one year down the next, eras of abominations and haunting horrors, others of romantic apathy when the wonders of gothic fantasy are reserved for those with private, personal ambitions to re-read the classics macabre. . .those divine horrors that, while few in quantity, are forever criterions of quality.

Well, what we're saying of course is that there's a BOOM in horror on! We're finding new and excellent motion pictures like TALES FROM THE CRYPT, new and fine novels such as Wheatley's continuing Satanist works and Stewart's MEPHISTO WALTZ, television productions like Rod Serling's NIGHT GALLERY, and graphic-story magazines such as SKYWALD'S NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO, featuring the brain-bending fables of Ed Fedory, Dennis Fujitake, Doug Moench and many talented others.

THANK the ever-fickle winds of fate for this boom, for it was not always so fortunate a prospectus. The weird tale is found often in the myths of many civilizations past, as perhaps we might see as far back as Ancient Greece when the poet Petronius wrote THE FEAST OF TRIMALCHIO, which turned out to be the tale, thought the first, of a horrendous werewolf! And presented in Egypt as illustrated hieroglyphics, bizarre tales of the blue Nile are considered the founding writ of the graphic-story medium, and in our own sense surely, the great grand-mummies of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE!

When stories were needed for entertainment during the lonely black nights of the dark ages in Europe, macabre poems and fantasies were invented of the evil vampire bats and bloody ghouls that stalked without, while within listeners huddled even closer to their red hearths to warm their shuddering hearts. Shakespeare hinted at horrors in his works HAMLET and MACBETH, and in the centuries soon to follow was succeeded by Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, F. Marion Crawford, Guy de Maupassent, Lord Dunsany, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, Arthur Machen, Saki, Mary Shelley, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bram Stoker and Oscar Wilde

Late LAST century Edgar Allan Poe registered as our resident horror-laureate with his CONQUEROR WORM, PREMATURE BURIAL, HOUSE OF USHER and THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM. Early THIS century H. P. Lovecraft decidely became our contemporary master with his HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS and THE SHUNNED HOUSE.

BOOM-PERIODS of public interest in horror are a relatively unique phenomena of this century. In centuries before ours, readers of horror-terror-suspense novels were constant and appreciative, rarely (as unfortunately the sad situation is these days) reducing the medium to scorn and ridicule. From the teens through the late 30's many home-grown pulp magazines presented new authors of the macabre — the magazines: HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES, WEIRD TALES, STRANGE TALES and THE POPULAR MAGAZINE; the authors: Mary Counselman, August Derleth, Robert E. Howard, Malcolm Jameson, H. P. Lovecraft, C. A. Smith and Tennessee Williams. And then there were the movies of Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, often adapted from horror classics: Stoker's DRACULA, Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN, OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS, and Gaston Leroux's THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. *To speculate on the reasons for the popularity of this bizarre genre, we borrow a quote from Lovecraft: 'The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown!'*

The horror story demands of each reader a capacity for detachment from the reality of every-day life; it requires of him a rather astounding degree of imagination and mind-enterprise. Indeed the SERIOUS reader of the macabre is to be congratulated, for unlike the ever-flitting, un-demanding readers of science fiction (speculative fiction), detective, romance, mystery and adventure pulp, he calls only a FEW things 'great', — he is appalled at put-ons and is not amused by gore-for-the-sake-of-gore, weird and angry dialogue, or warped humor. *Bid welcome to THIS boom, it's been a dry 30 years in coming, but placed in proper historical perspective it may be the biggest boom yet!*

THERE HAVE BEEN BATTLES IN MAN'S **BLACK HISTORY**... BATTLES FOR **LOVE**... BATTLES FOR **POWER AND TERRITORY** ...BATTLES FOR **MONEY AND PROPERTY**... **THIS** STORY STARTS WITH A BATTLE IN A TINY-**MID-EUROPEAN COUNTRY** DURING **THE 14TH CENTURY**... ...WE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH **WHY** THIS BATTLE IS BEING WAGED, NOR **HOW**-WE ARE CONCERNED **ONLY** THAT IT IS NOW **ENDING** AS **WE** START OUR **STORY**... ENDING IN **VICTORY** FOR **KING WALTER THE PROUD**... ENDING IN **THE LOSS OF A COUNTRY** BY ITS **QUEEN**... **QUEEN ANNE THE BEAUTIFUL**... AND TO START A TALE WITH **A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN** IS ...IS AS GOOD A WAY AS **ANY**...

have you ever seen the BLACK RAIN?

CHAPTER ONE: A CASTLE MACABRE

I **SURRENDER** MY THRONE TO YOU **WALTER**... I DID NOT THINK THAT OUR **FRIENDSHIP** WOULD HAVE TO END IN SUCH A MANNER AS **THIS!**
THEN PERHAPS, **SWEET ANNE,** PERHAPS AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING A MITE **SARCASTIC** ...YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ATTEMPTED TO GAIN **CONTROL** OF THE SANTINA VALLEY...
...WHEN IT WAS **ALREADY OWNED**... BY **ME!**

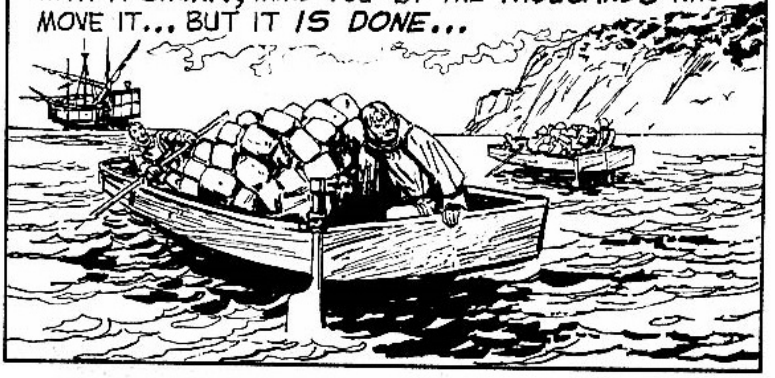
YOU **KNOW** WALTER...THAT I **NEEDED** THAT LAND... IT'S THE MOST **FERTILE** PROVINCE IN **EUROPE**... AND MY OWN HAVEN'T BEEN DOING SO WELL...
THAT IS NO REASON TO **TAKE IT** BY **FORCE**...
...YOU KNOW HOW I **FEEL** ABOUT YOU WOMAN... IF YOU **WANTED IT** YOU SHOULD HAVE **ASKED ME**... ALL OF MY LANDS WOULD BE **YOURS FOR THE TAKING** IF YOU WOULD ONLY CONSENT TO BE **MY QUEEN!**

WALTER...YOU CAN'T *MEAN IT*... WHAT ABOUT MY *PEOPLE*...
I DOUBT IF THEY WOULD CARE IN THE *SLIGHTEST*...
BUT THIS IS MY *HOME* WALTER, *MY HOME*... THIS VERY *CASTLE*...*LE MONT-SAINT SADE*... I WAS *BORN IN THIS VERY CASTLE*... YOU CAN'T EXILE ME FROM IT...
...ARE YOU COMPLETELY WITHOUT *PASSION*...

PASSION? I WANT *YOU*... MORE THAN *ANY MAN* HAS EVER WANTED *A WOMAN-I WANT YOU*...
...YOU CALL *THAT* HOLLOW PASSION?... I DO *NOT*...
YOU HAVE YOUR *CHOICE*... NOW *MAKE IT*... *EXILE*...*OR MARRIAGE*!
THEN DAMN YOU...
I WILL *LEAVE* THIS COUNTRY OF MY BIRTH...BEFORE I MARRY YOU *NOW*...

A MAN *IN LOVE*... *THWARTED*, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IS PERHAPS THE MOST *CONTEMPTABLE* OF ALL LIVING THINGS... WHEN *THIS* MAN SAYS A CASTLE CAN BE *UPROOTED* FROM IT'S FOUNDATIONS...*FOUNDATIONS* THAT WERE IT'S HOME *UNCOUNTABLE* CENTURIES... *HE MEANS IT*...

AND ALTHOUGH IT TAKES MANY LONG MONTHS OF *LABOR* BY AN *ENTIRE ARMY*... AND *MANY OCEAN VOYAGES* TO TRANSPORT IT TO AN *ISLAND* IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *MEDITERANEAN SEA*... IT *IS* DONE... WITH A *SMIRK*, MIND YOU-BY THE *THOUSANDS* WHO MOVE IT... BUT IT *IS DONE*...



Suffer the unconscionable umpirage of HEWETSON and XIRINUS in the DEATH CASTLE!

NOW... IF YOU WILL IMAGINE IT AS A MERE YEAR LATER... YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF ON A TINY ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE... WITH A QUEEN... AND A CASTLE... AND THAT... IS... ALL...

NOTHING!

...HE'S LEFT ME WITH NOTHING... NO SERVANTS... NO GUARDS... NOT A ONE...

I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED HIM... I DID LOVE HIM ONCE...

...ONCE WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND FANCIFUL... AND HE WAS YOUNG, UNMARRED BY BATTLES AND WARS...

OH WHY... WHY DID I HAVE TO MAKE THAT MOVE FOR THE SANTINA VALLEY... IT WAS NOT WORTH THIS TO ME...

...NOT MY COUNTRY ... MY LIFE...

... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WOULD USE THE VICTORY TO HIS OWN ENDS... BUT MY PRIDE WOULD NOT LET ME SUCCUMB...

...SUCCUMB TO A FATE THAT I DID NOT ...DID NOT CHERISH PERHAPS BUT... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER THAN EXILE AND THIS ETERNAL LONELINESS...

AM I DOOMED TO WALK THROUGH THESE EMPTY HALLS FOREVER... UNTIL I DIE? A SWIFT DEATH WOULD HAVE BEEN KINDER... KINDER BY FAR!

STILL... THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS YET OPEN TO ME... AT LEAST FOR REVENGE...

... MY FATHER WAS A DABBLER IN BLACK MAGIC... THE CONJURING UP OF MAD DEMONS AND SATANIC HELPERS...

...I LEARNED MUCH FROM HIM AS A CHILD... WATCHING SILENTLY FROM THE SHADOWS WHEN HE DID NOT KNOW I WAS PRESENT...

I KNOW THE WAYS... OF THE BLACK ARTS... AND I SHALL USE THEM... IN A LITTLE DABBLING OF MY OWN...

DID SHE SAY **DABBLE?**

NO GREATER **UNDERSTATEMENT** WAS MADE DURING THE 14TH CENTURY THAN QUEEN ANNE'S USE OF THE WORD **DABBLE**... FOR HER **EXPERIMENTS** IN THE BLACK ARTS MAKE HER **FATHER'S** CONTACT WITH SATAN SEEM **PATHETICALLY CHILDISH BY COMPARISON**...

IT IS NOW **DAYS**... **WEEKS LATER**... QUEEN ANNE DOES NOT **CARE** MUCH HOW FAST THE **TIME PASSES**... WHY SHOULD **WE?**

LUCIFER...

...I WANT **REVENGE** ON THAT MAN... DO YOU **UNDERSTAND** ...THAT IS MY **BOON**... **THAT IS MY DEMAND**...

I WANT REVENGE!

ALL WHO CALL UPON ME ARE **SATISFIED** MY LADY...

...BUT **ALL** WHO CALL MUST **PAY THE PRICE**... ARE **YOU** PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE?

YES-- ALTHOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT **MORE** I CAN GIVE... IT SEEMS I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN **EVERYTHING**...

...YOU WILL **SEE** MY LADY... **YOU SHALL SEE**...

IT IS NOW THAT WE **LEAVE** THIS **TIME OF THE STORY**... AND MOVE RAPIDLY INTO **ANOTHER**... **SOME TWO YEARS LATER**...

...WHEN **ANOTHER** BATTLE WAGES...

...ANOTHER **VICTORY**--BY **KING RUPERT THE BOLD**...

...ANOTHER **VANQUISHED SOUL** CRIES OUT FOR **MERCY** AFTER **THIS** BATTLE TOO... **KING WALTER THE PROUD**... WHICH **SETS THE PACE** TO START THE **2nd DIMENSION** TO OUR **GOTHIC TALE**...

CHAPTER TWO: THE QUEEN OF BLOOD!

YOUR HIGHNESS... QUICKLY--INTO THE ROBES OF MY FELLOW PRIEST... HE WILL TAKE YOUR PLACE AND I CAN SMUGGLE YOU OUT OF THIS VILE PRISON DISGUISED AS HE!
VILE PRISON IT UNQUESTIONABLY IS... FOR IT WAS ONCE MINE... MERE WEEKS AGO...
...NOW IN MY OWN PRISON... THEY PUT ME TO TORTURE...TO THE RACK!
YOU PRESENT ME WITH AN EXCELLENT SCHEME FOR ESCAPE PRIEST...BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR FELLOW PRIEST...
...WHEN THEY DISCOVER HE IS NOT ME THEY'LL KILL HIM...
HE GIVES UP HIS LIFE FOR YOU SIRE... HE ONLY HAS WEEKS LEFT TO LIVE IN ANY EVENT...
... FOR THE DOCTORS SAY HE IS TOO OLD TO LIVE ANOTHER MONTH!
THEN I THANK YOU FATHER--NO GREATER CREDIT COULD I GIVE TO YOU THAN BY ACCEPTING YOUR OFFER OF LIFE...
...LET US BE OFF...
THE PRIEST LEADS KING WALTER TO A SMALL COVE WHERE THEY ARE JOINED BY A BAND OF DEVOTED FOLLOWERS... SOLDIERS WHO HAVE SERVED THE KING WELL BEFORE... AND WILL AGAIN... AS THEY COMMANDEER A SAILING VESSEL OF RUPERT THE CONQUERER...
IN OPEN SEA THEY HAVE TIME FOR REFLECTION...
TO WHAT PORT DO WE SET SAIL SIRE...
THERE IS ONLY ONE WHERE I CAN KNOW TRUE REFUGE... ONLY ONE WHERE RUPERT WILL NOT FIND ME...
...WHERE OUR POSSESSION WILL COME EASILY...FOR THIS PORT HAS NO GUARDS... NO SOLDIERS TO PROVIDE US WITH AN OPPOSITION...
...I SPEAK OF... THE ISLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE...
SIRE... BLACK CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD... IT DOES NOT LOOK GOOD... THE STORM THAT IS GATHERING WILL BE FURIOUS...
FURIOUS AND MAD... FOR AS THE MEN STRUGGLE FOR THEIR LIVES ONLY AN HOUR LATER, IT IS THOSE SAME BLACK CLOUDS THAT RIP THE NOW-SHREDDED SAILS... TEAR THE SEEMS OF THE SHIP APART... AND DUMP GALLON UPON GALLON OF BLACK RAIN BACK INTO THE OCEAN...
MAY GOD IN HEAVEN PROTECT US... DO YOU SEE THE RAIN... DO YOU NOT SEE IT?...
...THE RAIN... IS BLACK!
IT IS A SIGN... AN OMEN... WE ARE DOOMED...
AYE, DOOMED... BUT KNOW THAT THE SIGN OF THE BLACK RAIN IS A SIGN OF SATAN...
...IT IS SATAN WHO DROWNS US...
LAND... DO YOU SEE IT SIRE...
I SEE IT PRIEST... DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT LAND THAT IS? IT IS A LAND WHERE THE ONLY STRUCTURE IS A CASTLE...
...AND THAT CASTLE IS THE ENTIRE ISLAND...

WHEN THE GOOD SHIP 'WILHELM' SMASHES INTO THE ROCKY COASTLINE OF THE ISLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE THE MEN ABOARD HAVE FEW WORDS... THEY ARE REPLACED BY SCREAMS AND CRIES... AS THEY LEAP INTO THE CHURNING WATERS IN A PATHETIC LAST ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR LIVES...
AND WHEN THE COUNT IS TAKEN OF AN ORIGINAL COMPLIMENT OF 28 MEN... ONLY 2 REMAIN... ONLY 2... A KING AND A PRIEST... AND WHY THEY ALONE WERE SAVED ONLY GOD KNOWS... OR PERHAPS SATAN...
ALL DEAD SIRE... ALL OF THEM...
IT MATTERS NOT... THEY HAD SERVED THEIR PURPOSE...
BUT YOUR HIGHNESS... THEY WERE DEVOTED TO YOU... EVEN AS THE HOLY MAN WHO GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR YOU IN THE DUNGEON...
IT MATTERS NOT TO ME HOW MUCH THEIR DEDICATION WAS... IT MAKES THEM FOOLS TO BE SO EASILY TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF...
AND THE PRIEST WHO GAVE UP HIS LIFE?...
AND THE PRIEST TOO--PERHAPS HE PLAYED THE FOOL MORE THAN THE OTHERS... TO SHORTEN HIS LIFE BY EVEN A MOMENT FOR ANOTHER MAN...
... IDIOCY... HE DESERVED HIS POINTLESS DEATH!
ARE YOU SO DECEITFUL THAT YOU WOULD BETRAY EVEN GOD?
...THAT NOISE... FROM ABOVE... A VOICE FROM THE TURRET!
THANK DEAR GOD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE DEAR WALTER...
QUEEN ANNE...
...HOW DID YOU KNOW... IT WAS MY SHIP?
BECAUSE IT WAS I WHO BROUGHT YOU TO THIS NEAR-DEATH WALTER... EVEN AS IT WAS MY DOING YOU WERE DEFEATED IN BATTLE!

BUT HOW ANNE... HOW?...
I WANTED REVENGE... MADE A COVENANT WITH LUCIFER... A BARGAIN FOR YOUR LANDS AND WEALTH TO BE TAKEN FROM YOU...
...EVEN AS YOU TOOK MINE!
BUT WHY ARE YOU REPENTENT NOW... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I WAS MAD--MAD WALTER!
...I LOVED YOU... EVEN AS I LOVE YOU NOW ...I SAW THE ANGUISH IN YOUR FACE WHEN I DREAMED ...I BEGGED THEM TO STOP WHAT I HAD STARTED...
...AND I FOUGHT THEM... FOUGHT THEM WITH ALL MY STRENGTH... FOUGHT THEM FOR YOUR LOVE WALTER...
WE ARE RE-UNITED NOW ANNE... AND IF YOU WILL STILL HAVE ME I AM YOURS...
I YEARN FOR YOUR ARMS AROUND ME MY LEIGE... LET THE WEDDING BE TONIGHT THAT TONIGHT MAY BE FIRST NIGHT OF MARRIAGE...
THEN READY YOURSELF... YOUR WEDDING GOWN AND VEILS... FOR I WILL SOON BE WITHIN THOSE NOW-SACRED WALLS SWEET ANNE...
...ACCOMPANIED BY A PRIEST WHO WILL GIVE GOD'S BLESSING TO US...
WITHIN THE HOUR A BLACK CEREMONY TAKES PLACE WITHIN THE BLACK WALLS OF CASTLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE--A BLACK CEREMONY WHEREIN THE BRIDE IS MOCKINGLY DRESSED IN WHITE...
EGO CONJUNGO VOS IN MATRIMONIUM, IN NOMINE PATRIS, ET FILII - ET SPIRITUS SANCTI...
AND WHEN THE BRIDE LIFTS HER VEIL THERE IS A GASP OF HORROR FROM THE PRIEST AND THE KING... AND A HIDEOUS LAUGH OF HORROR FROM THE BRIDE...
HAAHAAHAAAHAAHA
NOW MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE MY HUSBAND... HOW I HATE YOU... DESPISE YOU... FOR ROBBING ME OF MY LAND... MY TITLE... NOW MY FACE...
...FOR THIS--THIS, WALTER, IS THE PRICE I HAD TO PAY LUCIFER FOR MY REVENGE!
AH--BUT OUR TALE IS NOT YET OVER!

EEEEEAAAAAUUUUHHHH!
YOUR BLACK SPELLS HAVE WORKED BETTER THAN YOU COULD KNOW FROM AFAR MY QUEEN... SEE WHAT YOUR DEMONS HAVE DONE TO ME? SEE WHAT HORRORS THEY DID TO ME WHILE I WAS HELD WITHIN MY OWN DUNGEONS...
...SEE WHAT THEY LEFT OF ME... ONLY MY FACE, SWEET ANNE!
...EVEN SATAN MUST HAVE A GRAND SENSE OF HUMOR... MATCHING US UP LIKE THIS... THE PERFECT COUPLE...
...AND THE BLACK RAIN STILL FALLS... CALL THIS A TALE OF GOTHIC HORROR IF YOU WILL, OR IF YOU PREFER -- A TALE OF GOTHIC LOVE... BUT WHATEVER YOU DO CHOOSE, TO THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO HAVE BEEN THE PRINCIPAL PLAYERS IT IS A DRAMA ONLY JUST BEGINNING... FOR THEIR'S IS A DECEITFUL AND INSANE WORLD WHOSE SWEET-SOUR RULES OF GOTHIC MARRIAGE CAN ONLY BE LIVED BY THE UTTER AND UNCONSCIONABLE UMPIRAGE OF SATAN!

Sink to incredible depths of horror with HEWETSON and TORRENTS in . . .

The FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF HORROR

IT LIES *HIDDEN* FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD... THIS *TOWN*... THIS *HOUSE*... LIES HIDDEN WITHIN A CLUMP OF TWISTED, SNARLING *TREES* TOO *ASHAMED* TO STAND *TALL*.. IT *GROANS* EVERY SO OFTEN, AND *SHAKES* AND *CREAKS* -- AND IT HAS A *STORY* -- *THE STORY OF*...

EVERY FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE HAS ITS *OWN* FILTHY LITTLE *STORY*... *THIS* ONE IS PERHAPS STRANGER THAN *MOST* -- FOR STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN WITHIN ITS *HELLWROUGHT DOORS*-- STRANGE THINGS THAT OVER THE *YEARS* HAVE MADE IT A HOUSE TO BE *FEARED*... BUT WE'RE GETTING *AHEAD* OF OURSELVES... FOR OUR STORY STARTS LONG BEFORE *THIS* MACABRE SCENE...

DEAR GOD -- IT'S COME ALIVE -- THE THING IN THE PAINTING IS ALIVE CHOKING ME -- KILLING ME!!

HUSH CHILD -- IF YOU QUIET YOURSELF YOU WILL QUICKLY FIND YOURSELF FREE OF MY TWISTING FINGERS...

... BUT NOT MY ABSOLUTE POWER!

RAMON TORRENTS

IT STARTS IN A DESERT ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE WORLD... THE AUSTRALIAN BADLANDS... WHERE TWO YOUNG GIRLS GROPING FOR A MEANING TO LIFE... INSTEAD FIND...
A TOWN!
A TOWN? -- THERE'S NO TOWN ON THE MAP -- WE MUST BE REALLY LOST...
THIS PLACE IS WEIRD -- LOOK AT ALL THE OLD PEOPLE...
THERE'S NOT ANYBODY UNDER SEVENTY IN SIGHT...
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS...
GIVES ME THE CREEPS TOO -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO REST SOMEWHERE A COUPLA DAYS...
...CAN'T DRIVE IN THE DESERT ENDLESSLY -- WE'RE SEEKERS OF THE TRUTH, REMEMBER? - WELL WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING...
... IT MAY NOT BE MUCH BUT...
EXCUSE ME... SIR... SIR? WE'RE LOOKING FOR A HOTEL -- A ROOM SOMEWHERE...
...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM -- THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE...
NEVER MIND HIS FACE LINDA -- HIS EYES -- LOOK AT HIS EYES... BLANK!
EVERYBODY IS THE SAME...
LOOK AT THAT COUPLE -- SITTING LIKE A COUPLA ZOMBIES... PLAYING WITH DOLLS...

NOBODY WILL SPEAK TO US... THEY JUST SIT BLANKLY STARING INTO THE DESERT... PLAYING WITH THEIR DOLLS...
...THEY'RE ALL SENILE... SENILE!
THAT PLACE ON THE HILL--
YOU EVER HEAR OF A HILL IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT?
YOU EVER HEAR OF A BUNCH OF TREES IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT?... THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS TOWN...
THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN STRANGER ABOUT THIS HOUSE-- LOOK IN HERE-- IT'S UNINHABITED...
...WHY? IN A DUMPY TOWN LIKE THIS YOU'D THINK...
RIGHT-- YOU'D THINK IN A DUMP LIKE THIS WITH THE SHACKS THEY LIVE IN THEY'D USE A HOUSE LIKE THIS...
WELL I'M NOT PROUD-- WE'LL USE IT FOR THE NIGHT AT LEAST...
YEH, WELL ONLY FOR ONE NIGHT-- COME MORNING I'M SPLITTING THIS BURG ... TOO WEIRD FOR ME...
MY GOD-- WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?
LOOK AT THE EYES... IT HAS THE SAME EYES... AS THE PEOPLE...
...LIKE... LIKE THEY'RE JUST LOOKING RIGHT THRU YOU...LIKE...
...OH, I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT... HORRIBLE...
...LET'S BED DOWN NOW... GET THE NIGHT OVER WITH...

JULIE -- JULIE
WAKE UP! YOU HEAR SOMETHING?...

SCUFFLING... IT'S COMING FROM OUTSIDE...

MY GOD!
...WHAT ARE THEY DOING...

I DUNNO -- BUT IT LOOKS INDECENT ANYWAY! I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS... WHATEVER IT IS...

LISTEN TO HIM... MUMBLING SOMETHING... IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD ANYONE EVEN TALK IN THIS TOWN...

VOODOO -- MY GOD DID YOU HEAR HIM -- VOODOO... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?...
VOODOO -- SAPPING -- STRENGTH -- NOT MUCH -- LEFT...
IT MEAN'S WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS TOWN LINDA -- THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS!

...AND I MEAN NOW...

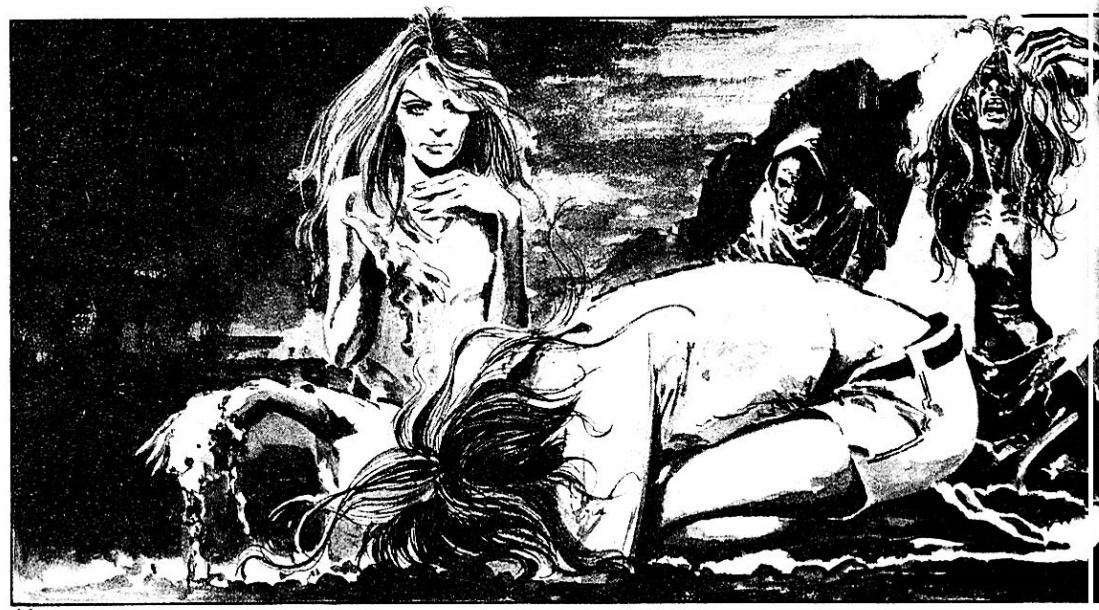
MY WORDLY POSSESSIONS--GOTTA GET THESE -- CAN'T LEAVE THESE BEHIND NO MATTER WHAT!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE JULIE -- HURRY UP...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
FIGHT IT... FIGHT IT...
WELL HELP ME... DON'T JUST STAND THERE...
...CAN'T BREATHE... CHOKING ME...
THE WHOLE WALL... MOVING... IT'S NOT JUST THE PAINTING...THE WHOLE WALL IS TWISTING...
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT'S ALL A NIGHTMARE!
AAAAHHHHHHEEEEEAAAAHHHH!
NOW YOU WILL COME... TO JOIN US?
MY GOD THE PAINTING TALKED...
WILL YOU NOT JOIN US... WE NEED YOU TO JOIN US!
JOIN YOU... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN FOR GOD'S SAKE?...
WE HAVE A NEED FOR THE LIKES OF YOU...

EVEN AS THE THING IN THE PAINTING HAS BECOME THE ROOM ... SO NOW IT AWFULLY SHUNTS THE TERRIFIED GIRLS LIKE SOME DEPRAVED NIGHTMARE..

...PUSHES THEM... LIKE PUTTY!

NOW AS THIS LIVING, FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE BLOCKS OFF ALL MANNER OF POSSIBLE EXIT THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE GIRLS TO SAY...

...NOTHING FOR THEM TO DO ... SAVE HOLD THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR MOUTHS... GINGERLY... FOR LIFE AND SANITY IS AT STAKE! THE WALLS OF THE CELLAR PUSH AND SHOVE THEM... SNAKE-LIKE THINGS WRAP THEIR TENDER YOUNG BODIES IN A GRIP OF MENACING DEATH...



... AND THEN OPEN...

...INTO A DEN OF SPONGY, SOPPING MUD 'NEATH THE EARTH WHERE CREATURES ONCE UPON A TIME KNOWN AS HUMANS MUTTER SENSELESS DRIVEL ON THEIR KNEES...

THE THING... IN THE PAINTING...
THE HOUSE HAS MATERIALIZED BACK INTO THE THING...
TELL US -- FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL US -- WHAT IS GOING ON HERE...
...IS... VOODOO...
...WE HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK OF VOODOO -- WE NOTICED THE DOLLS...
MY GOD... HE'S CRUMBLING...
YOU SHOOK HIM TOO HARD JULIE -- HE WAS TOO OLD... TOO FRAIL!
SPEAK THING... SPEAK -- TELL US WHAT THIS ALL CAN MEAN!
IN BIDDING YOU WELCOME... I TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW...
...I AM OF AN OLD, INDEED AN ANCIENT, RACE...
...OF PARASITES!
I TAKE ANY FORM I WISH -- THE FORM OF THE PAINTING -- OR AS I SO OFTEN CHOOSE ...OF NOTHINGNESS...
...BUT MORE THAN NOT ...MY FORM IS THAT OF THE HOUSE ITSELF!...
BUT THE VOODOO -- WHAT IS THE VOODOO?...

VOODOO BIDS **WARM PARASITICAL WELCOME** TO THE **NEWCOMERS**... YOU SEE HOW **EVEN ALREADY** THE GIRLS BEGIN TO **CHANGE**... AS THEIR **ENERGY**-- THEIR VERY **LIFE** IS **SUCKED FROM THEM?**

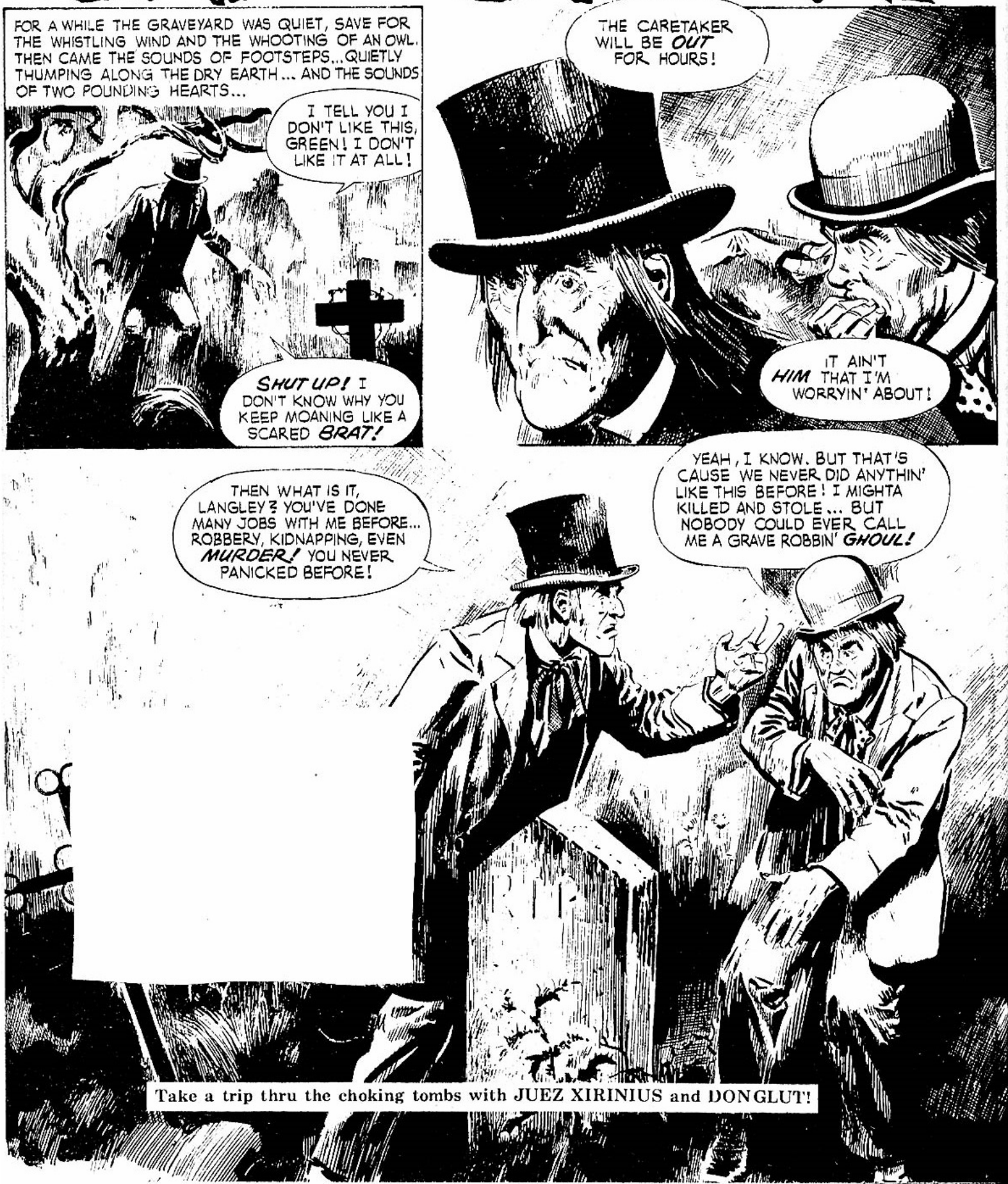
... SOON **THEY TOO** WILL BE PLAYING WITH **THE DOLLS!**

OH, **THE DOLLS,** YOU WANT TO KNOW OF THE **DOLLS**-- WHY THE DOLLS ARE **SO IMPORTANT** TO THE **VILLAGERS?**

DOLLS ARE **VERY IMPORTANT**... TO OLD, SENILE PEOPLE... **IF YOU WERE 300 HUNDRED YEARS OLD...**
...YOU TOO WOULD PLAY WITH DOLLS...
... IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF...

...VOODOO...

BAD CHOKE


FOR A WHILE THE GRAVEYARD WAS QUIET, SAVE FOR THE WHISTLING WIND AND THE WHOOTING OF AN OWL. THEN CAME THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS...QUIETLY THUMPING ALONG THE DRY EARTH... AND THE SOUNDS OF TWO POUNDING HEARTS...
I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE THIS, GREEN! I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL!
SHUT UP! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP MOANING LIKE A SCARED BRAT!
THE CARETAKER WILL BE OUT FOR HOURS!
IT AIN'T HIM THAT I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT!
THEN WHAT IS IT, LANGLEY? YOU'VE DONE MANY JOBS WITH ME BEFORE... ROBBERY, KIDNAPPING, EVEN MURDER! YOU NEVER PANICKED BEFORE!
YEAH, I KNOW. BUT THAT'S CAUSE WE NEVER DID ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE! I MIGHTA KILLED AND STOLE... BUT NOBODY COULD EVER CALL ME A GRAVE ROBBIN' GHOUL!

Take a trip thru the choking tombs with JUEZ XIRINIUS and DONGLUT!

GREEN'S EYES FLARED WITH A MAD FIRE LANGLEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE...
LOOK! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THE DEAD ARE DEAD AND STAY DEAD! AND THE DEAD ARE BURIED WITH VALUABLE RINGS AND GOLD FILLINGS AND ALL KINDSA STUFF THAT'LL KEEP US RICH FOR A GOOD 'N' LONG TIME!
B-BUT--
NO BUTS ABOUT IT! WE'RE COMPLETELY SAFE HERE! AND YOU'RE GONNA START DIGGING AT THIS HERE GRAVE... UNLESS YOU'D PREFER MY SHOVEL BURIED IN YOUR NECK INSTEAD OF THE DIRT!
NO, NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL D-D-DO I-ITT-TT!
THEY BOTH DUG. THE GRAVE WAS NEW AND THE EARTH WAS EASILY VIOLATED. AT LAST THEIR SHOVELS STRUCK SOMETHING SOLID...
W-WE'VE... HIT THE COFFIN LID!
WE'LL HAVE TO PRY IT OPEN!
THE TWO MEN -- ONE ANXIOUS, THE OTHER SHIVERING IN HIS CLOTHES -- USED THEIR IMPLEMENTS TO PRY OPEN THE TOP OF THE CASKET.
HE... HE LOOKS FAMILIAR!
=GASP!= WORSE THAN THAT! THIS GRAVE IS CURSED! AND FOR VIOLATING IT, WE ARE CURSED!
IT'S THE CORPSE OF MAD KIRK KARSTENS... A STRANGLER WHO CHOKED TO DEATH HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN! THE STATE EXECUTED HIM!
SO WHAT?! LOOK AT THAT DIAMOND ON HIS FINGER! LOOKS LIKE HE TRIED TO TAKE IT WITH HIM!
WELL, TONIGHT I'M TAKING IT WITH ME! AND I'LL BET HIS UGLY MOUTH IS FILLED WITH GOLD TEETH JUST WAITING FOR US!

THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXTRACT GOLD FILLINGS. SUDDENLY...
STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
THERE THEY ARE! GRAVE-ROBBERS!
DISCOVERED ON OUR FIRST JOB! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

THERE WERE MANY CONCEALING SHADOWS...AND GRAVESTONES TO BLOCK BULLETS...
BLAMMM! BLAMMM! ZNNNGGG!
WE MADE IT!
HURRY TO THE HOTEL!

THE TWO GRAVEROBBERS HAD ESCAPED. SOON, BACK AT THEIR CHEAP HOTEL...
TOO BAD WE WERE SUCH FLOPS FIRST TIME OUT, LANGLEY. BUT AT LEAST WE GOT SOMETHING. SINCE I TOOK THIS RING...I'LL KEEP IT MYSELF.
AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT! I DON'T WANT ANYMORE OF CORPSES AND GRAVES!

IT'LL LOOK NICE ON MY FINGER. A REAL DIAMOND ON OLD GREEN'S FINGER! THAT'S A LAUGH!
NO, DON'T PUT IT ON! IT'S CURSED BY MAD KIRK KARSTENS!

NONSENSE! HMMM... IT'S A TIGHT FIT, ALL RIGHT! HEY! I CAN'T GET THE DAMN THING OFF!
I WARNED YOU!

IT'S LIKE SOME FORCE IS HOLDING IT ON AND... GOOD LORD!!!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU SHAKIN' LIKE THAT?!
DON'T YOU SEE IT? DON'T YOU SEE...

...HIM!?! IT'S MAD KIRK KARSTENS! HERE TO GET HIS RING BACK!
I... I DON'T SEE NO ONE! NOTHIN'!

IT'S HIM... AND HE WANTS THIS... AND I CAN'T GET IT OFF! LANGLEY... HELP ME! DO SOMETHING!

H-HOW CAN I... DO SOMETHING AGAINST SOMETHIN' I CAN'T SEE? SOMETHIN' THAT AIN'T THERE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LANGLEY, HE'S COMING FOR ME!

IT AIN'T REAL, I TELL YOU! IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND! IT'S NOT REALLY THERE!

SUDDENLY GREEN STOPPED SHRIEKING. GRABBING HIS STOMACH, HE SEEMED TO BE ATTACKED BY SOME TERRIBLE PAIN...
ARRGHHH...
WHAT IS IT NOW? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

ARE YOU OKAY? LET ME HELP YOU UP! THIS GRAVEDIGGIN' HAS BEEN A STRAIN ON YOU... AFFECTED YOUR MIND. I KNOW WE'RE CURSED, BUT I SEEN NO GHOST!

GREEN... GREEN? WHAT'S THE MATTER? THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES... LIKE THE LOOK I SEEN IN THE NEWSPAPER PICTURES OF...
YES... OF...

KIRK KARSTENS!
ARGHUNGHH!
HE COUGHED FOR A FULL MINUTE BEFORE THE POWERFUL FINGERS SNUFFED OUT HIS LIFE!

LANGLEY! WHAT MADE ME DO IT!? WHAT MADE ME STRANGLE HIM?!

YOU DID THIS! NOT ME! YOU POSSESSED ME... MADE ME A FIEND LIKE YOU! MADE ME KIRK KARSTENS FOR A SHORT WHILE!

ALL BECAUSE OF THIS! BELIEVE ME, I WANT TO GET IT OFF! BUT IT'S TOO SMALL! I CAN'T GET IT... WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? NO, STAY BACK!

LANGLEY HAD NOT SEEN THE GHOST. PERHAPS IT WASN'T THERE, GREEN TRIED CONVINCING HIMSELF. STILL, THE TRANSPARENT FORM MOVED CLOSER TO HIM...GRINNING WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF THE KILL!
I'M TRYING TO GET IT OFF! I'M TRYING!
WHAT MORE C-CAN I D-DO?!!!
WHAT MORE...
CHOKKKEEAGRGH!
HE KILLED HIS FRIEND! AND THEN... SOMEHOW... HE STRANGLED HIMSELF! HE MUSTA BEEN TOTALLY INSANE!
IN A HOTEL WITH PAPER-THIN WALLS, SUCH SCREAMING DID NOT GO UNNOTICED...
THOSE NOISES SOUNDED LIKE THEY WERE COMIN' FROM THAT GREEN'S ROOM! COME ON! FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM, HE'S PROBABLY KILLIN' HIS PARTNER!
THEY PUT THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH TO THE LOCKED DOOR. IT SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL AND...
=GASP!= IT... IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
GOOD GOD! WILL YA LOOKIT THAT!
WAS GREEN INSANE? WAS LANGLEY RIGHT ABOUT THE GHOST BEING AN HALLUCINATION? PERHAPS. THEY SAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO STRANGLE ONESELF... IT WHAT IS POSSIBLE IN THIS WORLD OR ANY OTHER IS... NOT THE PROBLEM ANYMORE...
The END

An adventure in burning in sanity by ANDERSON and VILLANOVA

IT IS THE YEAR **1922** -- AN ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAM IS **DIGGING** IN THE SANDS OF CAIRO, **EGYPT** -- IN SEARCH OF THE **TOMB** OF **PHARAOH RAMAHKEN**...

...THE TEAM CONSISTS OF 3 ARCHEOLOGISTS - 2 MEN -- AND A **WOMAN**... AS YOU CAN **SEE**... AN UNUSUALLY **BEAUTIFUL** WOMAN!

THEY HAVE BEEN DIGGING FOR OVER SEVEN **MONTHS** -- SCRAPING ENDLESS MOUNDS OF SAND ASIDE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE LAST REMAINING, UNDISCOVERED TOMB OF A **PHARAOH** -- THE 5 WORKERS EMPLOYED LOCALLY ARE **TIRED**... THEY WANT **OUT**... AND MORE THAN ONCE THERE IS NEAR **REBELLION**...

AUGUST 30 - 1922 -- THEY MAKE THEIR FIND...THE UNDERGROUND **CRYPT** OF THE PHARAOH -- AND IN THEIR **HURRY**... THEY FAIL TO NOTICE SOME **HIEROGLYPHICS** ON A **TABLET** NEAR THE **ENTRANCE**...

HIEROGLYPHICS THAT INDICATE A **CURSE** -- IF ANY MAN ENTER HE WILL SOON **DIE** -- DIE AS BEFITTING HIS **CHARACTER**...

-- AND SO STARTS OUR TALE --

City of Crypts

THE **LEADER** OF THE EXPEDITION IS THE MAN CALLED **JACOB ANDREWS**... HIS **ASSISTANT** IS **BASIL FIELDS**...AND THE *BEAUTIFUL* **WOMAN** IS **BERENICE**... A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS, **NEEDS** NO LAST NAME...

THOSE **WORKERS** ARE CALLED... **THIEVES!** AS SOON AS THEY ARE IN THE TOMB THEY BECOME GREEDY AND WANT **MORE** THAN WAS **BARGAINED** FOR...

STOP... STOP... WHAT ARE YOU **DOING**... HAVE YOU ALL GONE **MAD?**

MAD -- NO... NOT **MAD**... MERELY **HUNGRY** FOR THESE **TREASURES** -- THEY WILL BRING A **FORTUNE** IN THE **OPEN MARKET**...

PERHAPS -- BUT THEY'LL **NEVER REACH** THE OPEN MARKET...

BRAAAAP!

SLAM THE **DOOR** ON THEM -- THEY'LL **SUFFOCATE** BEFORE LONG WITH **NO AIR**... ...THEN THE **PHARAOH'S RANSOM** WILL BE **OURS ALONE!**

TRAPPED -- IF WE DON'T FIND A **SOURCE OF AIR** SOON WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT EVEN NOW WILL SOON **DISAPPEAR!**

POOOING!

THEN SEARCH FOR A SOURCE... **SEARCH!**

RUN **OUTSIDE**... WE'LL BE **KILLED!**

HERE... I'VE FOUND **SOMETHING**...

I **KNEW** WE WOULD -- THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAD AT LEAST **ONE** ESCAPE ROUTE...

STOP PRATTLING THAT ROMANTIC DRIVEL -- WE'RE IN A SERIOUS SITUATION... IF THIS DOESN'T LEAD SOMEWHERE WE MAY NEVER GET OUT...
A FEW THIEVES CAN'T LESSEN THE MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT FOR ME... THIS FIND IS TOO IMPORTANT... IF YOU LOVED YOUR WORK AS MUCH AS I DO YOU'D...
STOP IT -- BOTH OF YOU -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS -- BUT IT HAD BETTER LEAD TO A SOURCE OF WATER--
I'M FILTHY FROM THE GRIME OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS...
IT GETS NARROW HERE -- BEST LET US GO AHEAD BERENICE -- WE'LL COME BACK FOR YOU ONCE WE TEST IT... LOOKS PRETTY WEAK...
MY GOD BERENICE -- AT A TIME LIKE THIS YOU HAVE TO... THINK OF HOW YOU LOOK!
IF EVER THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF ANDREWS... THIS IS IT! HOW YOU CAN TALK THE WAY YOU DO... SCORNFULLY... ABOUT THE WOMAN I SECRETLY LOVE...
...YOU DESERVE NOTHING BUT DEATH!
MY GOD -- WHAT ARE YOU... MY GOD BASIL THIS IS MURDER...
...AAAAUUUGHHH!
THAT'S THE END OF IT -- NOW THE WOMAN IS MINE! NO MORE LIES... DECEPTION -- NOW SHE'S ONLY MINE!

JACOB --IS DEAD..HORRIBLE -- THE LEDGE BENEATH HIM GAVE WAY...
HE LOST HIS FOOTING!
THE ONLY REASON I EVEN LOOKED AT YOU WAS OUT OF SHEER BOREDOM... YOU AMUSED ME...
... SEVEN MONTHS IN THIS DESERT HOLE...
...WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO DO...
WHAT?... NO TEARS WOMAN? --- I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LOVE HIM -- THAT YOU LOVED ME...
...BUT SURELY A COUPLE OF TEARS!
LOVE YOU -- YOU IDIOT! I LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS I LOVED HIM... AND I NEVER LOVED HIM... I HATED HIM...
ROT... WHILE THAT MORON I WAS MARRIED TO PLAYED WITH HIS BLOODY PRECIOUS BITS OF ...OF...
... SAND AND FILTHY RELICS...
WHY YOU VAIN, POMPOUS...
HOLD!

AND THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BICKERING IS SUDDENLY STILLED... THE WOMAN BERENICE FAINTS... BASIL FIELDS IS STRUCK AWFULLY, FRIGHTFULLY... DUMB...
...FOR WHAT CONFRONTS THESE TWO IN THAT CRYPT BENEATH THE SANDS OF EGYPT IS BEYOND WORDS...
... THE SUB-HUMAN THINGS THAT HAVE NO ARMS AND BARELY DESCRIBABLE LEGS, AND EYES BURNT BLACK FROM THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF NEAR BLACKNESS... THESE SUB-HUMAN THINGS DO NOT OPEN WHAT PATHETIC CAVITIES ONLY A WRETCHED FEW ON THIS EARTH WOULD CALL... A MOUTH... THEY HAVE NO NEED OF COMMUNICATION AT THIS MOMENT...
... WHAT CAN BE SAID? WELCOME?... DOUBTFUL... IF THEY EVEN KNOW OF THE WORD IT CAN ONLY BE SPOKEN IN CORRUPT, INHUMAN JEST...
... BUT IF THEY DID KNOW SUCH A MEANINGLESS WORD... THEY MIGHT USE IT TO SAY... 'WELCOME... TO THE PLACE APTLY CALLED... CITY OF CRYPTS'...

THAT *HOUR* WAS *ENDLESS* FOR BASIL FIELDS... NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND STARE OUT A GAPING HOLE AT THE *THINGS* AS THEY CREPT PASSED...

...NOW WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL *BERENICE* WAKES... THE MISERY IS *COMPOUNDED*... FOR HER SCREAMS *ECHO* THROUGHOUT THE BLACK CITY AND *FILL* HIS *EARS* WITH EMACIATED *FEAR*...

EEEEEAAAAAUUUH!

...AND WHEN SHE BECOMES *STILL*... IT DOES NOT *LAST*... FOR THE INSANE *BICKERING* ONCE AGAIN *STARTS*...

HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE... *HOW?*

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A *RUN* FOR IT...

HOW DO YOU EXPECT *ME* TO KNOW...

...YOU THINK *I* HAVE ANY ANSWERS *YOU DON'T*...

OH FOR *HEAVEN'S SAKE*... AND WHERE WILL WE RUN *TO?*

...BACK TO THE *ENTRANCE?* WHAT GOOD...

MAYBE *NONE*... YOU BLUEBRAINED *IGNORAMOUS*...

...BUT IT'S BETTER THAN *SITTING HERE* WAITING FOR THOSE... FILTHY *CREATURES* TO *KILL US*...

HOLD -- WHERE DO YOU *GO?*--*YOU BELONG TO ME*...

MY GOD... WHAT...
YOU ARE MINE-- YOU BELONG TO ME--AS SPAWN OF OUR TRIBE IT IS MY DUTY...
DUTY TO DO WHAT...
TO PRODUCE YOUNG-- IT IS MY DUTY TO PRODUCE YOUNG...
...YOU CAN'T MEAN IT...YOU CAN'T... IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... HOW CAN I...
YOU...YOU WILL SERVE AS ENERGY FOR MY MATE... AS FOOD YOU SEEM BETTER THAN THE SCRAWNY THINGS FOUND HERE... AS FOOD YOU WILL SERVE WELL...
AAAAUHHH!
WHAT ABOUT ME ... AM I TO BE FOOD TOO... WHO WILL I BE FED TO...
TO US ALL...
THE SIGN... THE SIGN...
AAUUUGHH!
IT IS THE PRINCESS... THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER...
IT'S A BIRTHMARK... THAT IS ALL... A MERE BIRTHMARK...
NEVERTHELESS...

... YOU ARE TO BE JOINED WITH OUR LORD AND MASTER... PHARAOH RAMAKHEN!
HE'S... HE'S ALIVE?
WHAT IS LIVING AND WHAT IS DEAD IN THIS PLACE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE...
...NOW... COME TO JOIN YOUR MASTER!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?..
THIS... IS WHAT WE MEAN...
EEEEEAAAAA

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ***RUNS***... RUNS AS HER LITHE ***LEGS*** HAVE ***NEVER*** CARRIED HER... ***RUNS AND RUNS***...

EEEAAAAAA

...AND AS SHE ***RUNS***... AND ***SCREAMS***... ***BEHIND HER*** SLOWLY CRAWL THE ***THINGS***... ***SLIDING*** THROUGH THE ***DRIED MUD*** THAT IS THEIR ***HOME***... BUT ***THEY*** DO NOT SCREAM... WHAT WOULD BE THE ***PURPOSE*** ... THEY ARE THE ***HUNTERS***... NOT THE ***HUNTED***...

...SHE SLAMS THE ***COVER*** ON THE ***EVIL HOLE***... ***PRAYING***... PRAYING PRAYERS TO EVERY DEITY ***KNOWN TO HER*** THAT THEY DON'T KNOW THE ***WAY***... THAT ***SOMEHOW***... SOME ***WAY*** THERE MUST BE AN ***ESCAPE***...

THROUGH THE ENDLESS ***CORRIDORS***... ***AWAY*** FROM THAT DEPRAVED SCENE WHICH NOW ***CUTS*** INTO HER ***MIND*** AND MAKES HER SHRIEK ***LOUDER***...***LOUDER***...

THE ***WORKERS***... ALL ***DEAD***... THEY LOOK ***SUFFOCATED***... HALF COVERED BY ***SAND***... MUST HAVE BEEN A ***SAND STORM***...

THE DOOR... IS ***OPEN***...

WHAT'S ***THIS***... ***HIEROGLYPHICS***...

...IF ANY MAN... ENTER... HE WILL SOON... DIE... AS BEFITTING HIS... CHARACTER...
A CURSE... NO ONE SAW IT...
...BUT IT'S COME TRUE...
THE WORKERS TRIED TO SUFFOCATE US... THEY DIED FROM SUFFOCATION IN THE DUST STORM...
MY HUSBAND... JACOB... WILL REMAIN FOREVER IN THE TOMB HE SO LOVED...
...AND BASIL... A MAN WHO WANTED LOVE SO MUCH...
...DIED IN THE CAUSE OF LOVE...
...BUT WHAT ABOUT ME... WHY AM I NOT DEAD...
YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD... LOOK AT YOURSELF VAIN WOMAN...
IF YOU EVER MAKE IT BACK TO CAIRO JUST TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF... YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD...
...AS BEFITTING YOUR CHARACTER...
THE END

PABLO
MARCOS